

## *You shan't come again.*

I once loved a fair maid as dear as my life,  
With heart and with hand I would make her my wife,  
But she slightly look'd on me and frowned with disdain,  
And the answer that she gave me, you shan't come again.

You shan't come again, no, you shan't come again,  
And the answer she gave me, you shan't come again.

But though my love slights me her praises I'll sing,  
For her cheeks are like roses that bloom in the spring,  
Her beauty so entices me, which fills my heart with pain,  
For the answer that she gives me is you shan't come again.

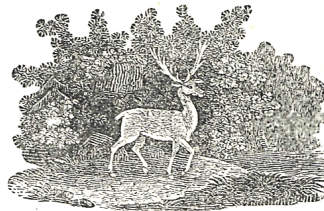
The second time I saw my love I thought he'd give o'er,  
He took me in his arms and he kiss'd me o'er and o'er,  
I ne'er will be a bride to one I do slight and disdain,  
For the answer that I give you, you shan't come again.

O my dearest Jamie do not tear my clothes,  
For if that you do, it is you I will expose,  
For you are the man I do so much disdain,  
So you need not come flattering you shan't come again,

When three-fourths of a year they were gone and past,  
Cupid shot an arrow and wounded her at last,  
He wounded her with love and she now feels the pain,  
So she wrote to him a letter that he might come again.

He wrote to her an answer all for to let her know,  
That love ne'er will creep where he cannot go,  
So I will live single while life it doth remain,  
Nor mind the bonny lass that said you shan't come again.

Come all you pretty fair maids a warning take by me,  
And never slight your darling in any degree,  
For fear they should leave you in sorrow to complain,  
And make you rue the day you said you shan't come again.



## THE GARDEN GATE.

The day was spent the moon shone bright,  
The village clock struck eight,  
When Mary hastened with delight,  
Unto the garden gate ;  
But none was there which made her sad,  
The gate was there but not the lad,  
Which made poor Mary sigh and say  
Was ever poor girl so sad as me.

She paced the garden here and there,  
The village clock struck nine,  
Mary sighed and plaintive cry'd,  
You never, never shall be mine,  
You promised to meet me at the garden gate,  
You never more shall make me wait,  
For I'll let all such lovers see,  
They never shall make a fool of me.

She traced the garden here and there,  
The village clock struck ten,  
When William caught her in his arms,  
Never to part again  
He had been to buy the ring that day,  
And he had been a long long way,  
Then how could Mary so cruel prove,  
To banish the lad she so dearly lov'd.

Up with the lark next morn she rose,  
To church they went their way,  
And all the village joyful were  
Upon their wedding day.  
Now in a cot by a river side,  
William and Mary both reside,  
And she blesses the hours that she did wait  
For her true love at the garden gate,

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